#### THE ENTERPRISE

J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

WELLINGTON, OHIO.

#### COME HOME, CHILDREN.

I wonder why I should think to-night

Of Gaiveston beach with its bare w sand?"
And the old man feebly stirred the logs.
And warmed in the blaze his thin chands. I used to play on the white beach sands,
And paddle with bare brown feet in the

I used to live near the Mexican Guif, And never a boy had a fairer home

We were six children, merry and bold,
Sailors and fishers bound to be.
We built our boats and we cast our nets
All day long by the sounding sea—
All day long till the sea grew dim.
And the waves were white with breaking

foam,
Till mother, waving her hand, would call:
\*Come home, children! come home! com

"'Come home, children; your father is here;
The meal is ready, the fire is bright.'
Then gladly enough we left our play,
For sweet was the love and rest and light.
I think I can see the bare white sands:
I think I can see the breaking foam.
Oh! would I could hear my mother call:
'Willy, don't linger; come bome; come

\*For I was always the last to hear.
Always the last her smile to meet:
So when the rest on the hearth-stone stood,
Still she was watching my tardy feet.
Does she watch them yet from the hills of

Does she see how sadly now they roam?
In a little while shall I hear the call:
'Willy, don't linger; come home; come

But just as the dawning touched the east, We knew he had found his mother an

Mothers who know that your toil is great,
Mothers who fear that your love is vain,
Sons may wander and seem to forget;
Some day they will remember again.
They may grow famous, or rich, or oid:
Far away from your side they may roam;
Far away from your side they may roam;
When he whispers "Mother!" and thinks
of home.

of home.
-Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.

## MOAT-GRANGE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

Thus, as a wreathing cloud suddenly appears in the sky, and as suddenly fades away, had Mrs. Dalrymple, like a bright vision, appeared to the admiring eyes of the London world; and she might have continued to enjoy its smiles and its sunshine, but for the insane rage for dress which attacked her in its worst features and lured her on to her ruin. It is luring many now.

CHAPTER VIII.

Things were almost coming to a revolt; never were poor tenant farmers so ground down and oppressed as those on the estate of Moat-Grange. Rents were raised, expenses, properly falling on landlords, refused to be paid or allowed for. Mr. Dalrymple, the present owner, was ruling, with a hand of iron, hard and cruel.

As to the Grange itself, the dwelling mansion, it was the dreariest of the renewed on the same terms? And dreary. When Oscar Dalrymple, that's what he wrote me in reply. His through the extravagance of his wife, been rendered liable for heavy debts, he had sold off the better portion low with Jying by, from the farmer of the furniture, retained two or three and east his eyes over it: of the rooms as habitable for himself, wife and one servant, and closed the shutters of the rest. There they lived a life of penuriousness; and Selina, Mrs. Dalrymple, would sometimes un-Mrs. Dalrymple, would sometimes unlock the doors of the once familiar rooms, and pace alone about their dusty floors, in anger and remorse almost uncontrollable—anger against her hus-band, who need not have proceeded to this extreme pass, and remorse for her own folly, which had led to it.

Three years went by and things grew worse; more wretched in-doors, more oppression out. One day Mr. Lee came up to the Grange, a respectable farm-er, who had rented all his life, and his father before him, under the Dalrym-

"Sir." began Farmer Lee, without any circumlocution, when he was ad mitted to the presence of his landlord. "I am come up about that paper which has been sent to me from Jones, your lawyer. It's a notice that next Michaelmas, when my lease will expire,

the rent is to be raised.
"Well?" said Mr. Dalrymple.

"A pound an acre." "Well?"

"A pound an acre," repeated Farmer Lee, with increased emphasis, as if he thought he was not heard. "Jones must have made a mistake; you never could have told him that, sir. My daughters think he wrote it when he was drunk; for every body knows that he has fits of drinking." "They are the instructions I gave

him, Mr. Lee."

"To raise my rent a pound a acre!" echoed the farmer, forgetting his grammar in his excitement. "Exactly. The farm will bear it."

won't bear it, sir, and I won't pay it." "I am sorry for that, Mr. Lee, be-

cause it leaves only one alternative."
"And what's that?" asked Mr. Lee. "To substitute in its place a notice to

"To quit! to quit the farm! forme to quit my farm!" reiterated Mr. Lee, in his astonishment. "Why, it has been my "Reuben was right," said Mrs. Dalhome all my life, sir, and it was my father's afore me. I was born in that before you ever came into the world, and Amean to die in it."

colorless eye.
"It's my labor, sir, that has made it what it is," continued the farmer. farmer. When my poor old father died, it was not half the farm it is now. Early and late have I been at my post, working myself and seeing that my men worked. I have spared neither labor nor money to bring it to it's present fine condition; you can't deny, Mr. Dalrymple, that it's the best worked and most flourish-

ing land on the estate."
"My good sir, I do not deny it. I say as you do; that it is too flourishing to remain at it's present low rent."

"The rent is not low, sir; the rent's a fair rent, fair for master and fair for Ask any impartial person, ask Mr. Cleveland, or ask Jones, and they'll say as I do. You don't seem to take into account, sir, that my money has brought it to what it is, and that I have not yet had a return for my money spent. If you raise the rent twenty shillings an acre, the money may just as well have been chucked into the

"I can make no alteration in my decision," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I have these complaints from day to day; nothing else but complaint. The land on my estate has considerably increased in value, yet those who reap the benefit object to pay a higher rent. I had two of you here yesterday, Watkins and Bumford."

"They have spent money on their farms, too, they have, and the land hasn't answered to it bad. Good farmers are Watkins and Bumford," nodded the speaker, approvingly, "but they have not spent half what I have. You

see, sir, we never looked for Mr. Dal-rymple's dying young, and —"
"Are you speaking of Charles Dal-rymple?" interrupted the owner of the

Moat-Grange.

"No, poor fellow, I don't mean Mr. Charles, I mean his father. Squire Dalrymple did die young, sir, so to say; you can't call a man under fifty old. Well, he was a good landlord, and we were not afraid to lavish money on our farms, because we knew we should be allowed to reap its fruits ourselves. That's how it was, sir."

"Mr. Dalrymple's rule is past and gone; he was always indifferent to his own interests. Had he been more alive to them, his death would not have left his family in the helpless condition that

"You mean Mr. Charles' death and your succession, sir," boldly returned the farmer, though its tone lost none of its respect. "When Squire Dalrymple its respect. When Squire Dalrymple died and Mr. Charles succeeded, the family still lived on in comfort at the Grange here, as they had done before. And as they would have done after, had he lived, generous young fellow." "A squandering young profligate!" scornfully retorted Oscar Dalrymple.

"Well, he's gone, poor soul, and it will answer no end to speak for or against him, but he was a favorite on every road throughout the estate. And his death brought you to rule over us, and I am sorry to have to say, sir, that your rule's a very hard one."

"It will not be made easier," curtly rejoined Mr. Dalrymple. "I told Bumford and Watkins so yesterday. The terms proposed to you by Jones you must accept, or leave the farm."

The farmer took out his pocket-book; a huge leather affair which could never be got in or got out without damage to

the pocket's entrance.

"Then I have got a bit of document here, sir, which I needn't have shown, if you would have listened to reason without it. Somewhat better than six years ago, sir," he proceeded to ex-"when I was hesitating about laying out so much money upon the farm, knowing that my lease had entered on its last seven years, I put the question, right off-hand, to the squire: If I continued to lay out money on my land, and to build stables and else, as I wished to do, should I have the lease

end followed soon upon it."
Oscar Dairymple took the note, yel-

"DEAR LEE-Put what money you like upon

"He thought of me and of this promse on his deathbed, the squire did, resumed the farmer, "and charged his son to fulfill it. Mr. Charles told me so himself, and that it should be all

"Charles and his father are gone, repeated Oscar Dalrymple, tossing back the letter with a gesture of con-tempt at Farmer Lee's simplicity. That paper is not worth a farthing. "Not in law; I am aware of that, sir;

but I thought you need only look at it to act upon it. The squire was almost like a father to you, Mr. Dalrymple. and I never supposed but you would wish to carry out his wishes. I have felt as secure, having that document by me, as if it was a fresh lease.'

Mr. Dalrymple rose. "I will not de-tain you longer, Mr. Lee; your time is valuable."

"And what's my answer, sir?" "That you pay the additional rent demanded, or give up the farm."

Farmer Lee was a quiet man, little iven to bursts of anger, but he could ot control some harsh epithets, directed to Oscar Dalrymple, as he walked toward his own land. In turning sharply out of a field, he came upon two ladies, one young and very nicelooking, the other getting in years, of thin, white feature and gray hair.

"Law, ma'am," cried he, touching his hat to the elder, "I'm glad to see you out again."

"Ay," she said, "I have had a long bout of it, the longest illness I ever had in my life. I am getting better, but slowly; and this fine spring day tempted me forth."

"And what is it that has been the matter?" asked the farmer. "We never could learn the rights of it. Old

rymple. "Weakness and grief, that has been chiefly the matter with me. farm, Mr. Dalrymple, years and years | Try as I will, Mr. Lee, I can not overget my poor son's dreadful death. I have been ailing ever since, though it Mr. Dalrymple did not acquiesce or never told seriously upon my health object in words. He only looked at him with his impassive face, and cold, great deal of trouble in many ways." Trouble, ma'am, there's nothing but trouble for all of us," spoke the

> "You don't remember me, Mr. Lee,' cried the young lady.
> "Well, yes I do, miss; I remember your face. I think I had used to see

ou with poor Master Charles and the

young ladies. "I am Işabel Lynn; you remember now," she said, holding out her hand. "Ay, I do," answered he, heartily shaking it. "And if what we used to think was true, we should have had

you amongst us for good, had Master

She turned away her face blushing deeply, almost to tears, with her unhappy remembrances.

"And a lucky thing if it had been you and Master Charles to reign at the Grange, instead of what is now. I don't mean any prespect to Miss Selina, ma'am," a ided to Mrs. Dalrymple, "you at afraid I do; but her husband is adai, aster."

"You need not tell me he is," returned Mrs. Dalrymple, her eye kindling. "I know it too well."

ling. "I know it too well."
"A good many of our leases are out this year, and he is raising us all—raising us shamefully. Mine a pound an "A pound an acre!" echoed Mrs.

Dalrymple.
"Not a shilling less, ma'am. Jones sent me the notice yesterday, so I just put on my Sunday coat this morning, and have been up to the Grange, and all the answer I have got is that I may pay it or leave the farm. I showed him that letter of your husband's, ma'am, promising to renew the lease to me on the same terms to justify my laying out money on the land and homesteads. It was just as if I had shown him a bit of waste paper." "Unjust!" murmured Mrs. Dal-

rymple.
"It's worse than unjust, ma'am, it's robbery. I laid out my hard savings under that specific promise, and I might just as well have chucked the money naked into the east. There is

money naked into the ear. There is nothing but oppression going on from one end of the farm to the other."

"And I fear that nothings else must be looked for from him," sighed Mrs. Dalrymple. "I wish he had never become my son-in-law. Selina is his wife, and the disgrace of these doings. seems to reflect on us."

"It was a hard day that took Mr. Charles from us. Miss Lyan, I hope you won't forget to come and see us, while you are here; my daughters would feel hurt."

"Oh, I shall often come," she replied. "I am going to stay all the summer with Mrs. Dalrymple, if she will have me. Remember me to

They parted. At a distance, having stopped when his mistress stopped, whom he had been following, stood old Reuben, a most attached servant, who had served three generations of the family. When Charles Dalrymple died -or, to designate events correctly, when Charles Dalrymple committed suicide—Reuben had returned to the service of his mother, Mrs. Dalrymple. But, with her son, Mrs. Dalrymple had lost her means, and she told Reuben that she could not afford to keep a man servant, hardly a maid, but Reuben replied that he had saved more than enough money to keep himself, and should live with Mrs. Dalrymple without pay, and wait upon her-he shouldn't leave her to the mercies of a dirty maid of-all-work. And so he had

The farmer stopped to greet Reuben, and the two expatiated for some min-utes, to their hearts' content, not in favor of Oscar Dalrymple.

"Would you believe that he wanted to charge Mrs. Dalrymple rent for that poor house we are in? It's a fact; but don't you mention it again."
"Impossible," said the farmer. "On

her own estate-at least, what was here for years?" "He did, and he gets it. Other manage it for her, for she couldn't afford to pay it. He is a bad man. Ah! if my poor young master had not been so rash! He would have com-

into the Dalrymple estate, Mr. Lee." "What, Mr. Charles would?" "As true as we are here," said Reu-en. "The heir, Sir Charles' only son, is dead, and my poor Mr. Charles was the next heir. Though I dare say he never gave it a thought, in life, that the title and estates would ever drop to

"Why, he'd have come to be a Baronet then, if he had lived."
"A Baronet with a large rent roll.

Sir Charles Dalrymple is in very bad health, and can not last long." "Does it come to that grasp-all?" breathlessly uttered the farmer, jerk-ing his head in the direction of the

"No; more's the blessing," returned Reuben. "Moat-t-range was entailed on him, but Dalrymple's not. At Sir Charles' death the title lapses now; and I'm sure I don't know who'll get the money, except that it won't be Oscar Dalrymple; he's no favorite there. I hope Sir Charles will remem-

ber my poor mistress."
"If folks tell true," said the farmer, "it is Sir Charles who has helped her ever since our Master Charles died." Reuben made no reply. He did not choose to assist the gossip of the neigh-

borhood. "And to think that Master Charles should have made away with himself through a bit of temporary embarrass-ment, when if he had stood it out and battled with the storm, he would have succeeded to Dalrymple!" uttered the amazed farmer, as he said good-day to

CHAPTER IX.

Positive rebellion came; open warfare between Oscar Dalrymple and his tenants. The notice of rent-raising, served upon several, had been withdrawn, and notice to quit substituted. To Farmer Lee amongst others. The farms were let over their heads, and it was known that the next thing would be ejectment. The whole neighborhood, formerly so peaceful, was in excitement.

Michaelmas day was very near, and a meeting was held one night at Farmer Lee's. It could not be called a secret meeting, for the farmer would have disdained the name, but several stole to it with caution, conscious that their hearts were ready to speak treason against their landlord.

"Have ye heard the fresh move-ment?" asked Farmer Watkins, when he entered. "I've heard it." responded an eager

"Thoms is out. "How did they get him out at last?"
"Unrooffed him." "They did. As they did last week

by the huts on the common. as shame-"The next ejectment will be me," panion.

said Farmer Lee. "They won t have to unroof this, though, for I shall go out quiet, when the time comes. "You will?" echoed a neighbor, in

surprise. "What's the good of holding out? It would only draw down expenses and trouble upon us. They have got the law upon their side. We'll talk it over presently when all have come in, but I think we must decide to give up, and what one does, all had better do." "Give in to hardship?" roared

"The thing is this," said Mr. Lee, who was the largest holder on the es-tate, "won't it make the hardship worse to defy them?" Well, let Dalrymple look to him-

self," significantly observed Farmer Bumford. "He'll get served out, may

"How can he?" We have no power to serve him out."

"We haven't; and should be afraid to use it, perhaps, if we had. But that unfortunate lot he ejected from the common, they aren't afraid. They are all collecting there now, as I came by, and if there ain't mischief brewing, my name's not Dick Bumford." "What do you think they will do?" asked Miss Judith Lee, who had en-

tered to bring a large silver tankard of ale, and heard the last sentence with "Why, they'll duck Dalrymple in the nearest horse-pond, the first tip

they catch him abroad, that's my oor

ion," answered jolly Mr. Bumfor "Is that all?" said Miss Judit "Is that all?" said Miss Judit feared you meant worse, for the a lawless lot, if provoked. A ducking would do him good. Poor things, she added, "it's enough to make them lawless; the roofs torn off their heads and they forced out. I thought till now that such practices were confined to Ireland. What is he razing the cottages to the ground for?"

"To build up houses in their stead; which is what he means to do by Thoms' cottage. No danger that Oscar Dalrymple will go and unroof houses unless they are to come down; he won't cost himself a useless penny.

The unfortunate lot, spoken of by Mr. Bumford were collecting on the outskirts of the common, in their late homes, and had Mr. Dalrym-ple appeared then, he might have been thankful to escape with only a ducking, for anger and revenge were at work within them. The group were in harsh converse, when footsteps were heard advancing, and they turned their sullen faces toward the sound.

Who should it be but Mrs. Dalrymple of the Grange, Oscar's wife. She had been spending the day with her mother. and was now going home escorted by Reuben. She affected to look another way, perhaps afraid to look toward them. One of the body advanced and stood in her way.

"You'd hurry by, would you?" said eyes once to the ruin your husband has wrought? Look at the mud and mor-If the walls warn't of brick or

Selina trembled visibly. She was aware of the awful feeling abroad against her husband, and a dread brated. rushed into her heart that they might be going to visit it on her. Reuben spoke up; but he was old

was more conciliating than it would otherwise have been. ould otherwise have been.
"What do you mean by molesting BALTIMORE Mrs. Dalrymple? Stand away, Dyke,

and let her pass. You wouldn't hurt her; if she is Mr. Dalrymple's wife, she was the squire's daughter and he was always good to you. TO BE CONTINUED.

UNSCRUPULOUS BEGGING.

Persons Who Feel Inclined to Dispose of Other People's Precious Time. "Don't expect to hear from me, but write me often. You have such a ready pen, that I'm not afraid of expecting too much from it," said a wellintentioned person to a friend who was departing to fresh fields, in order to earn her bread by the use of the speci-fied "ready pen." "Come and make us a little address," persuasively say innumerable committees to a public man whose minutes, even, are of value to the world. "You always have something interesting to say, and it takes you no time to prepare it."

So it goes on; the person who is sup-posed to do certain things with ease is asked to fritter away his time at the request of unscrupulous beggars of his commodity. It would be a brazen soul, indeed, who would ask an artist to paint him a picture for nothing; yet there are countless numbers of respectable people who infringe, without compunction, upon the time of busy men, which, but for them, might have been devoted to noble results.

It is, of course, to be supposed that the exceptionally gifted wish only to devote their talents to the service of their fellow-men; on the other hand, it is only fair to allow them to choose

"One day before harvest," says an English gentleman, "I met a fashionably-dressed person with a large handful of ears of wheat, taken from my fields. I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat.
"'Yes,' said he, 'it is truly a fine

sample, and does great credit to the farmer who grew it. "I acknowledged the compliment,

and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed out the place, he assured me that he al-ways liked to take home a good sample of grain, as it interested the ladies. Upon this, noticing, with admiration, the style of his coat, I asked him to al-low me to look at the skirt. He readfly did so, and I quietly took out my pen-knife, and cut a large piece from the tail. The gentleman raged and swore, but I told him that I always took samples of cloth, as I found that they greatly interested my wife. I added that he had no more right to take my wheat than I to take his coat, and that I wished the public to bear this truth in mind." - Youth's Com-

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# GREEN

improves with age while ROASThe, in a tone that spoke more of plaint than threat. "Won't you turn your absorbs water and grows worth. absorbs water and grows worth-less; hence FESH ROASTED COFFEE is always stronger and finer flavored. We are the only costly stone, they was good enough for finer flavored. We are the only us. Look at the spot! Them was our dealers that roast coffee in this part of the country, and that is the reason our coffee is so cele-

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a. m. p. m. p. m. a. m.

Clyde Beilevue Monroeville Lv Norwalk	9 23 9 38 9 57 10 18	2 03 2 18 2 39 8 00	6 83 6 47 7 03 7 90	1 85
Wellington Ar	11 03 11 52 p. m.	8 50 4 40	9 00 10 45	2 32 3 15
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Cambridge	4 30 6 10		8 47 9 45 11 38 12 50	/ 45 /1 38
MariettaAr	7 20 p. m.		12 50 p. m.	12 50 b. m.
WESTWARD.	No 6	No8	No f	
MariettaLv	n. m. 6 20	p. m. 2 30	n. m.	n. 10
Macksburg Cambridge	7 25 8 54	1 42 5 20	////	
New Comerstown Canal Dover	9 48	6:00		
Rowseston	9:45	4 20	6 90	
Sherrodsville	9 58 10 15	5 00	6 45	
Lecavilie Sherrodsville New Cumberland Valley Junction Navarre	10 85 11 15 11 58	5 35 7 45 8 18	7 00 7 25 7 57	
Massillon	12 50			
Orrville Ar	1 10	*10 15	8 50	
Wellington Norwalk	2 45	10 45 11 28 12 10	10 10	
Monroeville Bellevue		a. m. 12 25	11 37 11 55 p. m.	7 37 7 53
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Toledo Ar 5 55			1 55	9 45
				p. m.
P. m. a. m. 6 00 11 40 Ar. Huron Lv 5 47 11 25 Fries Landing. 5 25 11 10 Milan. 5 15 10 45 Lv Norwalk Ar			6 25 6 38 6 52 7 15	2 15 2 28 2 45 3 10

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